

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

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```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



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Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or complimentary copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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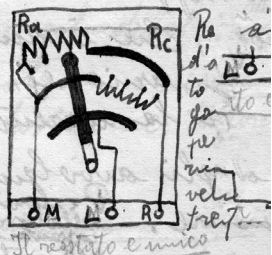
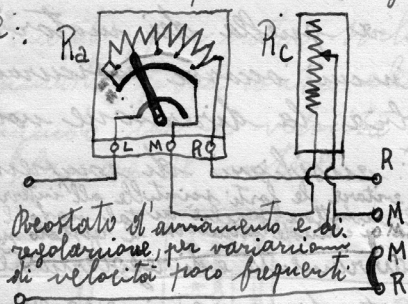
Enrico Sette

Silenzi p.28

Unless you are dealing with a concrete communicative act, i.e. an enunciation within a specific context, no exact meaning can be determined and consequently no communication can be carried out.

Morten Kyndrup, «Nordisk Estetisk Tidskrift» 25-26 2002

no, a te. ne. scila nel: con la va
ore. scillore. succarita su fle ne.
rita sul filo con scillore. succarita scie
rita no succarita glo e f e be. fle
i cosi non pmo, Il pmo cono re. succar. scie
i restafattore. che. succille.
velo va la rana inter velo xno
noel la no, a te. ne. succ. rili
succarile. succillore. succarito succille. succarile
va inserita sul filo che collegno co' che coll
induttorita succ'co cert cert l'empo co' te l' cota
emere. 187 1. 2000 j

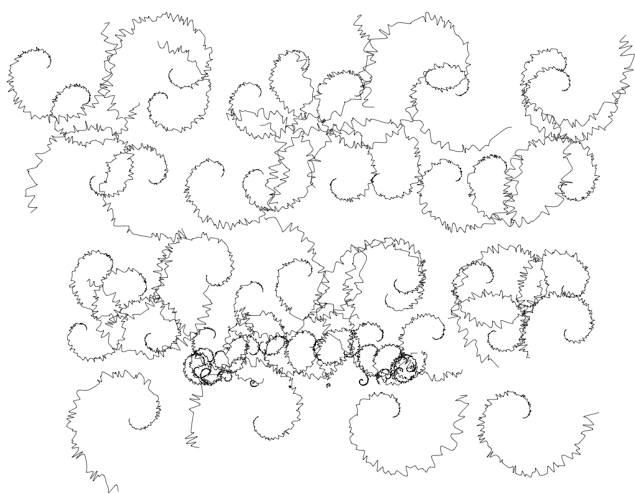


motori compositi o compound

velocità di che poi di di o o a una
o di una re. deve circa a a campo, q
campo, della di poi di a un stato o
in derivazione per a don deve u
nel filo che con $\frac{1}{2}$ inienti su
e. Tale ren co clava
terrota per voi che - mero



*Thought-filling capacity of words gauging how they scale differently from the
though they are embedded in.*

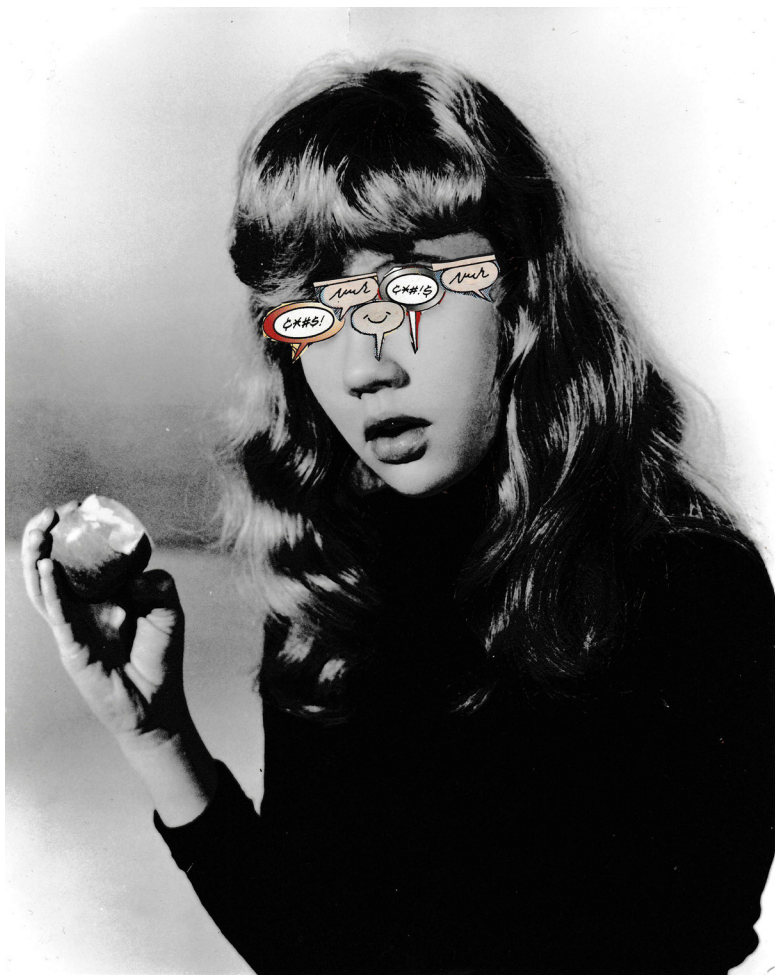


Robert Keith : *This is the meat*

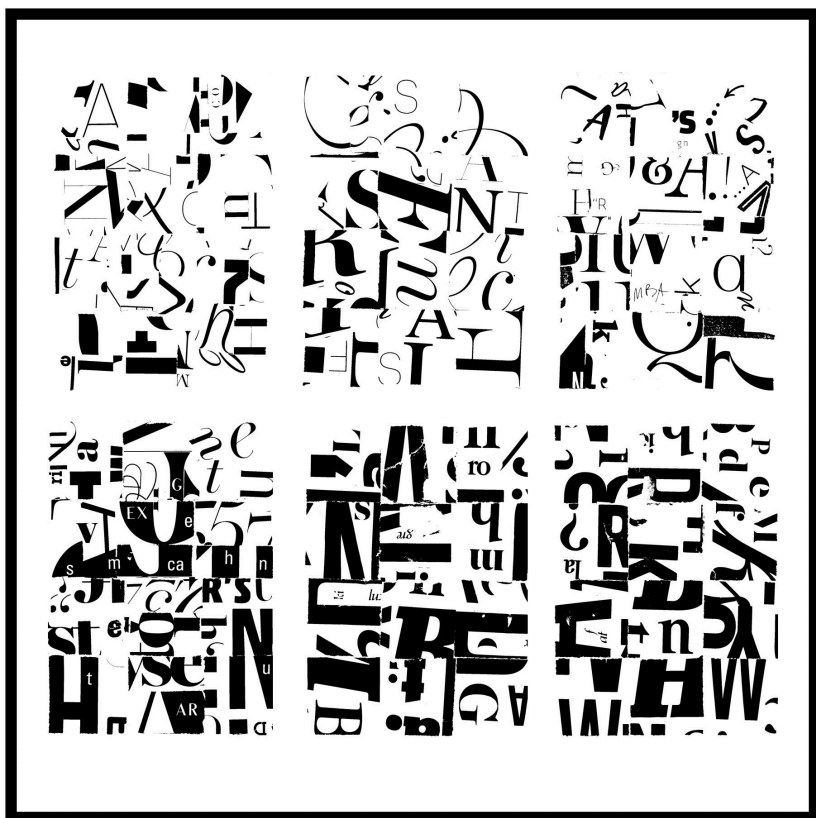


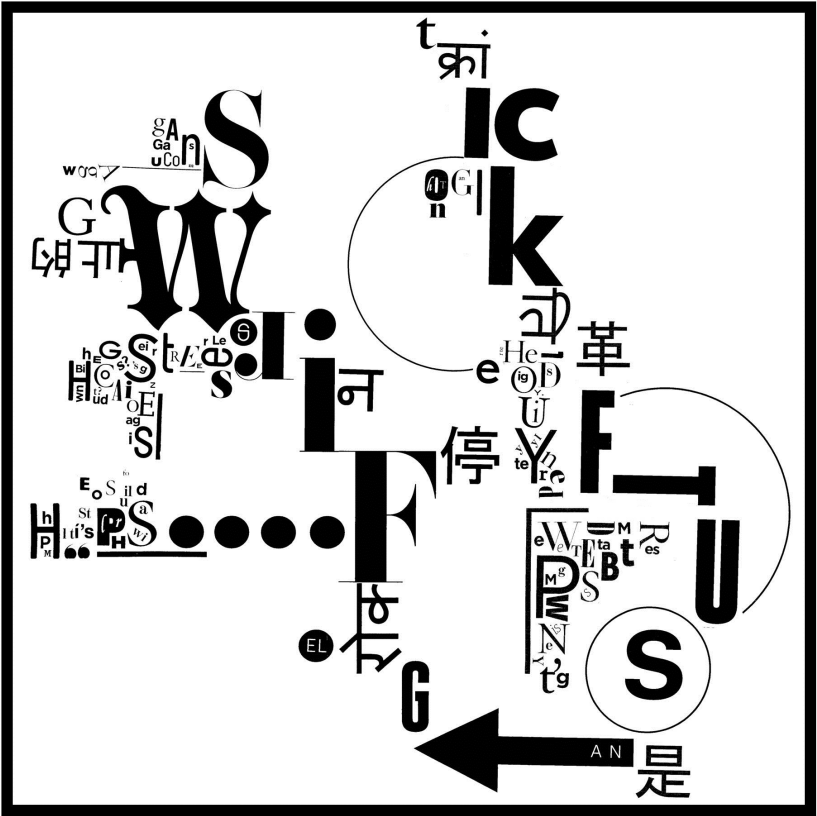


Robert Keith : *This is the meat*



I am offended by your sweatpants.
They imply a lack of effort,
and the wrinkles are too soft.
Spaghetti sauce or rust stains
probably the latter, romantic
remnants of a zipper. I hesitate
to use the word decorum but
there are smells unaccounted for.
Not coming from the kitchenette
and the showroom is lifeless
except for the creeping ivy wallpaper.
Expressiveness is like stuffed child toys.
You may possess no delusions
of European haute couture but
perhaps your muse can integrate itself
into a designer lableless conformism.







John M. Bennet : *Sotos*

S O T O S

El reverso de una sala de espera es otra sala de espera
- Nicanor Parra

)sneak into the ear of sleep(

SOT
TOS

great black wing approaches

knotsleep before my face ec
toplastmic shoulder I could I gnot
reply a horse wind a shallow
lung rewinding in its shirt your
skin page debound a shredded index

*\face wing face wing face/
\wing face wing face wing/
\face wing CLOT..... /*

- flash a shadow past -

corn grains fill the mouth the
*whiteness word **whiteness** - Popol Vuh*

page of lung lint lost thought

s T s

im mense a void at tempt v anquish
“...hasta los dolores de guata...” - N. Parra

“multipliers of the chicken wizard numbing”
- Paul T. Lambert & Jim Leftwich

numbing wizard chicken the of multipliers
chicken the wizard of numbing multipliers
wizard of the numbing multipliers chicken
numbing multipliers the chicken of wizard
chicken the multipliers of numbing wizard

my dungeon cash a knife inhaled
thinner than a breeze or fog
your deathly tongue rebelled and nailed
my wig finger to a log

• T •

ch ew eh
soa p yr
fauce t
ss ucks

yr end o wind
ow exo ga s w
all / / ' / ' ' '

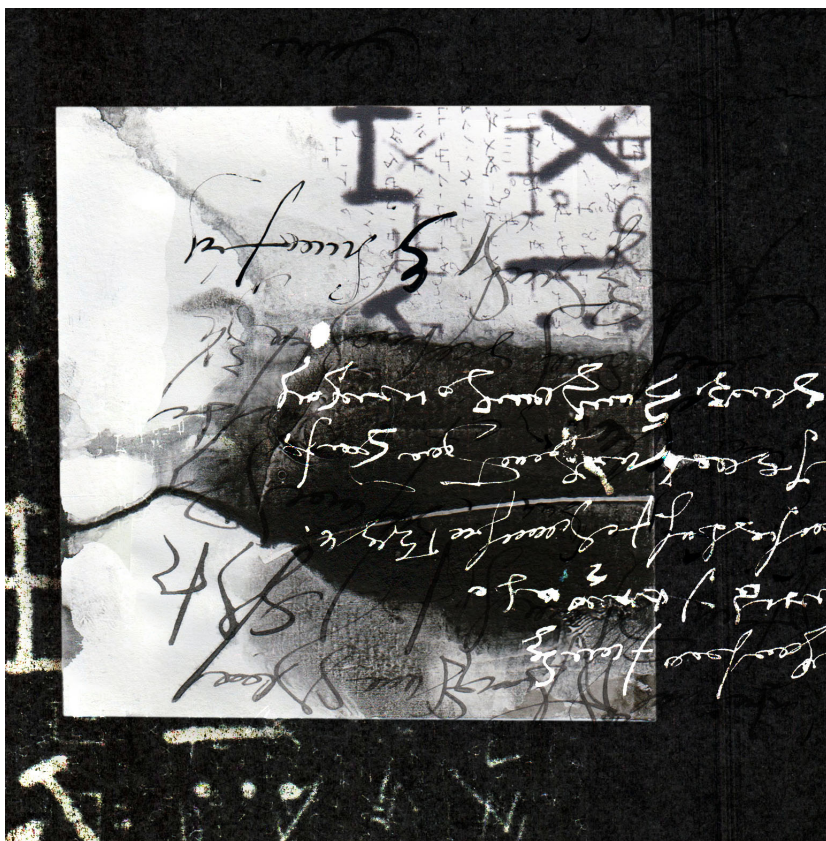
s lab sh ape uh
nos tril p ill *pl*

ease ww and er off ***f f f***

the chair in your face la
chair sans oscillation de sa
eau 's o pen sea t he Turd
shouts on a flooded stage
the chair the chain c linking on
yr neck is a book upside down a
stream dancing far below *the*
chair the chain a foxhead on
green grass birds flash past ~ ~ ~
the chair the chain the chair the
)senda
 sordo soy
 sueño suero sudo(

chain the chair the chain the c h air





Listen, you say, I have found a place, behind a theater.
Mud-path place,
A low green fence, a high veranda, tallest windows,
Air conditioning vents---in the ceiling.
Listen, you say, the kitchen is a corner, where we can
Barely fit, our teapot will
Barely fit, and dented espresso pot, old icebox full with
Cream and ghee. Bedroom cave of dark: already
A bureau flecked with its embedded prayerful
Shells and agate, one mirror so tall a giant can see
Himself in it
Proud and trapped in his
Lineny swathing clothes
Pin-fastened by cabochons
Dome-jewels---

In the dark our giant can see his face in the mirror,
A conquering Scot, look at us sleeping, loving us,
Telling us not to worry, no one cares where we are:
No one ever much cared. We're his friends.
All our lives we could live here, whatever is left of our
Lives, could meet people we don't even like
Each evening, just to hear their ridiculousness,
To feel we are travelers on a river, people
Are spilling to us like stars, we are
Boats on water:
With their tumble of stars above us,
Below us, we are inventing
A compass with more points than four.

Rebecca Pyle : *Everything grows beside*

I know why I love Santa Fe: glory of the dirt
Path, the mud path. And so I love India; its essence the
Road through the jungle, toward the city, the village. The path
Is the music, the winding designs in fabric, the sound of the bells
And the moving of cows down the road, the perfection of hooves.
The plants that grow beside, the plants that are flattened by hooves,
The rain that rolls off the rooves and soaks into the paths, goes well
Into. The hand-woven rug always has trails: leading you to its gardens
Which are giant blooms, or hallways, hallways which are the replication
Of paths. Paths lead you to doom, to dark mistakes, kingdoms that fool you
Scholarly path-pursuits which take your years and might possibly, possibly,
One night when you lecture, all be worthwhile. Or not. Did you see the smile
Of the old man? He knew far more than you. He wore clothes no one else would
Wear, bracelets that were tatters of robbed memory, hair certainly combed with oil
Of sandalwood and vetiver. What is vetiver? Something that grows. The path is where
Nothing grows, the hooves keep it packed down and rolling, the old man has the beautiful
Stride. Everything grows beside it.

What was it you told me yesterday, Edison? That sitting here we could
Bring it all up, the claritive fever of World War II. All the boats moving
In water full of torpedos; the men flying solo in planes, their governments
Asking them to do mean things. America was the lustrous duck, waiting
For requests to sail and fly. In every hallway of every kitchen an oval
Ceramic plate, or a tin one, an extra chair. I like the cloths on the tables
And I like that I will never understand much here, and I can be separate
None of it due to me or enhanced by my theories about remainders
When you divide. We'll think it all over in Calcutta, you said, Edison.

Why is your head so heavy? Because you are seeing it all and it is not yet
Enough? Or because sunset and sunrise are the heaviest problems to
Solve and place? Hourglasses, vacuum tubes, Pharnsworth's calculations,
Bombs, all first relaying dream-designs embroidered in halting red
Fat thread on mystifying tablecloth runners, long cloths created to perplex
Under serving dishes and plates. Symbolic thought.

Where is Panneitz? He drowned young in one of Germany's rivers. Poetry
A river, and its underlying runner is the core of the earth, molten, hungry,
Burning, the terror none of us can bear.

marx is here | jesus is coming

marx is the name | jesus is the way

marx is structured | christ is god incarnate

marx is sent to soho in new york | jesus is coming to the earth

marx is buried | jesus is crucified

marx is | jesus is?

marx is even better than plastic bags | jesus is better than santa
claus

marx is a local legend | jesus is real

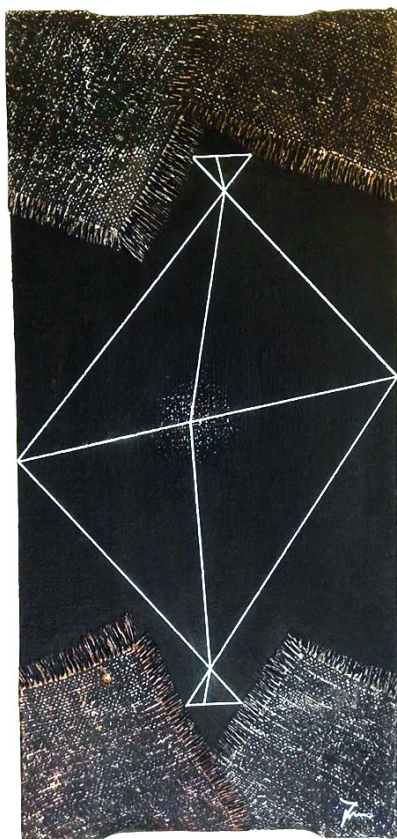
marx is url | jesus is the provider

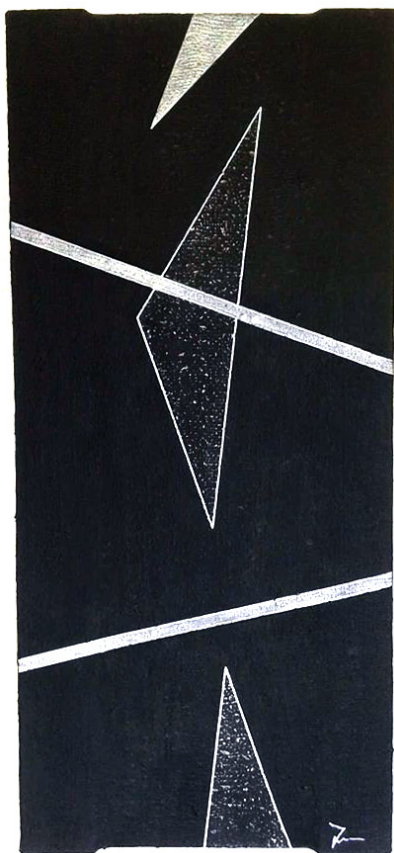
jesus is both true god and true man | marx is expert in both

marx is prepared to assist you in finding answers to your
questions and solutions to your problems | jesus is the reason
‘why’

marx is buried in the quite funky highgate cemetery | jesus is
risen

marx is back | jesus is coming soon





CHROMATIC DIAGRAM of the Complementaries



